

I E R N E,

AN

E L E G Y;

LAMENTING

THE HORRORS OF THE

REBELLION IN IRELAND,

AS PARTICULARLY EXEMPLIFIED

BY THE

MASSACRE

OF THE

Amiable MISS CLIFFORD,

RESIDING

In the House of the Rev. Mr. HAYDON, in the County of Wexford,

Together with

With every

HIMSELF AND THE WHOLE FAMILY,

IN CONSEQUENCE OF HER SINGING THE SONG OF "CROPPERS, LIE DOWN."

By a WESTMORELAND CLERGYMAN and RELATIVE.

Dedicated to the

Transcript

First Edition

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That could form

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1798.

I E R N E,

AN

ELEGY.

THOU fairest Flower of CLIFFORD's ancient Stock,
 With ev'ry Grace and Virtue form'd to please;
 Pain'd Nature sinks beneath the grievous Shock
 Of Sorrow wafted by the Western Breeze.
 Branch of the CLIFFORD's, in remotest Time,
 Transplanted to this distant Soil;
 Fair ALBION mourns, in mournful tone,
 That could such Beauty and such Virtue spoil.

Shelter'd beneath his hospitable Roof,

Could Rev'rend HAYDON his fair Guest protect ?

No ! nor are Piety nor Virtue Proof

Against th' infernal ROBESPIERRIAN Sect.

HA

The Mind from National Cares and Fears to unbend,

And with true Taste improve the vacant Hour,

The good Man wish'd a list'ning Ear to lend

To Numbers that from Lips Angelic pour.

THOU fairest Flower of CLIFFORD's ancient Stock,
Charm'd with the Notes that chaste as sweetly flow'd,

In all the Softness of HIBERNIAN Strains

The social Group her Loyal Airs applaud

While *Amor Patriæ* in each Bosom reigns.

Branch of the CLIFFORD's, in remotest Time,
But, as while heav'nly Music heav'd thy Mind

Enraptures, on Mind's helioptic slide,

A trait'rous Slave the Horn of Discord blew

And to the murd'rous Rebels Tidings bore.

CA

Scarce had the venerable Haydon's Friends, seen that hath seen
Himself, and Family, retir'd to Rest, Impetuous, some
Ere (oh! no Guardian Angel them defends) Who such hath seen
They wake in Massacre both Host and Guest we all W

Assail'd by fierce Assassins passing in, Who that hath seen both
All, all alike promiscuously fall, in Yallow Young, And
The bleeding Parent view, with Angel's look, by Hath seen,
Four infant Children down'd from Pikes to sprig all T

The horrid Scene of Misadventure told, Who that the prowling
The Slave a Brother Demon's Race hath wrought, The fiend
And quick, as Lightning strikes the blooming Rose, Hath seen
Plung'd it in a stream of blood, in Chastity's beautiful Breast, B

For did grim Death alone the Savage save,
But Insult must be added to his Guilt,
Take that, he cries, indicating her sad Fate,
For Cropper, down, shall Gurney's Blood be spilt,
To explain this Circumstance, we refer to the Standard, of the 1st of May, 1861, in which the following Report, inserted in all several Newspapers of the Day:—“Every Day brings us new Knowledge new Acts of Atrocity committed by the Rebels. In the County of Wexford,

Who that hath seen the rav'ning Hawk or Kite, Scarce had the

Impetuous, souse upon his tender Prey, and Himself

Who such hath seen the tuneful Linnet smite, Ere (oh! no

While sweetly warbling on the verdant Spray: They wake

Against th' infernal ROBERTARIAN SECT.

Who that hath seen both tender Parent Bird, Assaulted by fierce

And callow Young, in Nets alike ensnared by bills, As

Hath seen, by ravenous Claws, or felon Card, The bleeding

The new-fledg'd Warbler murder'd and destroy'd: Is

To Numbers that from Lips Angelic pour.

Who that the prowling Wolf or Fox hath seen The horrid scene

The fleecy Flock infect, in Midnight Hour, The Slave

Hath seen the Tyger, darding from his Den, And quick, as

Both Man and Beast in Day-light hid'd, devour'd: Plung'd

While *Justice* reigns in each Bosom reigns
 " among many Instances of Massacres, the following is a particular Detection of the
 " The Rev. Mr. HAYDON, a Protestant Clergyman much esteemed, having had some Friends to
 " spend the Evening with him, a Miss CHIFFORD, residing in Mr. HAYDON'S house, and
 " whose Virtues made her the Admiration of the Country, was requested to sing ' Croppies, lie
 " down.'—She did so. The next Morning the House was attacked by a Party of Insurgents,
 " and the whole Family massacred, with Circumstances of the most horrible Cruelty. The Ser-
 " vant who attended the Family at Supper the preceding night, watched a Pike from one of his
 " Brother Demons, and plunged it into the beautiful Bosom of Miss CHIFFORD!!—exclaiming,
 " at the same Time, ' There, my boys, is a good place for your Croppies; lie down! You
 " and I have been worried, but I told you I would find the Point of the Pike for you.'
 " Knowledge new Acts of Atrocious committed by the Rebels. In the County of Wexford.

Who that hath seen the savage Indian Tribe
Infuriate, rushing from the thick-set Wood,
The Christian scalp'd, his reeking Gore imbibe,*
And, glutted, straight disgorge the purple Flood : †
Such, such alone can picture to themselves
This Scene of Horror, terrible as Hell !
'Tis the curst Plan of insatiate Lust,
Nor Age, nor Sex, nor Innocence to spare !
'Tis ruffian Hands alone can rudely pluck
The fragrant Flower, that sweetly perfumes the Air ;
'Tis monstrous Lips alone could savage suck ‡
The virgin Blood of Christian virgins fair !

† Lest this Picture should seem exaggerated, instance only the Description of the Rebel
Spearmen licking their bloody Spears ! and one aged Man literally torn Limb from Limb, and
his scattered Remains not only raised in scorn, but, turned to labour, actually drawn to
the Pigs !!!

Who that hath seen the fatal Scuta,
Let future PHILOMAS, in the fatal Scuta,
The barbarous Deed hence warble through the Groves
Who such hath seen the fatal Scuta,
The female HYACINTH, in the fatal Scuta,
On each fair, with the fatal Scuta, who?

Who that hath seen both tender Parent Bird,
Shade of the CLIFFORDS, in the fatal Scuta,
Mad GALLIA's Principles, in the fatal Scuta,
From injur'd ROSA, in the fatal Scuta,
Rouse, and avenge the fatal Scuta, who?

Who that the prowling Wolf or Fox hath seen,
And thou, great Earl of CHAMBERLAIN, in the fatal Scuta,
Arouse; and with the fatal Scuta, who?
As did ELIZA, in the fatal Scuta, who?
As erst, now, in the fatal Scuta, who?

among many Instances of Misery, the following seems particularly remarkable
The Rev. Mr. HAYDON, a Clergyman much esteemed, having had a ready
speak the English with him, the Countess of Devon, at the House of
Nov, 1740, when she was in the County of Devon, at the House of
whose Virtues made her the Adornment of the Court, was respected
down. She was a woman of a most excellent Temper, and a most
and the whole. "Ipsa suus gemitus solius inarbitrat, &c. ai ai
I eat this Picture, and I eat this Picture, and I eat this Picture, and I eat this Picture,
Specimen licking their bloody Specter! and one said Man literally torn from limb, and
For the History of the Countess, Earl of Chamberland, see Burn's History of Wes-
morland, in loco.

Lord of the Western Marches! thou alone
(Thyself an Host!) couldst SCOTIA'S Sons invoke;
Invincible! thy matchless Prowess shone,
As can ABALLANA'S ancient Relics tell.

Preserv'd entire within her "cloud-capt Tow'r,"
Thy variegated armour † still remains;
If Ages past experienc'd thy great Pow'r,
Why not resume it in the best of Reigns?

Why not (if aught can Spirits move) resume

Thy Cuiras mail'd, in braver Habit dight;
Why not the Helmet, nodding with its Plume,
The Spear, the Buckler, and the Faulchion bright;
And why not stem Rebellion's sweeping Tide,

Threat'ning to drench IERNE'S fertile Plains?
Why Sleep inglorious thy Achievements hide,
When CLIFFORD'S Blood a Rebel's Pike distains?

Though, in Appleby Castle may still be seen the complete Coat of Mail harness alloted to.

† "From your armour."
Hon.

But, why provoke departed Valour? why

Invoke the Aid of ev'n a CLIFFORD's (Ghosting 'Heav'IT)

Why thus the Muse terrestrial Regions fly,

And in her Zeal enlist the heav'nly Host?

Could GEORGE of CUMBERLAND with Arm of Flesh

Avenge his fair Descendant's horrid Fate,—

Could his past Valour with him live afresh,

He'd not the Poet's Invocations wait.

Her noble Ancestors combined, awake

To ev'ry Call of relative, social Good, Why not the Helmsman?

Would individual National Duty make, The Spear, the Buck, and the Land?

Nor spare the Wretch that dare delight in Blood.

Her brawny Sire, and Grandsire no less brave,

Alike by Tenderness parental fir'd,

Would burst the Chains, the Prison of the Grave,

For Her, *they* lov'd, and whom the *World* admir'd.

Great PEMBROKE's Countess—she the greatest, best
 Of CLIFFORD's Lineage, and of Womankind!
 Ev'n ANN herself would scorn inactive Rest;
 Her Name, her Sex to shield from Fury blind.

Yes! glorying in her Castles of the North,
 Dispensing Justice, Charity, and Good,
 She'd her esteemed Tenantry lead forth,
 To vindicate the Honour of her Blood.

Though fled the North is ev'ry vital Spark,
 That kindled CLIFFORD's enterprising Heart;
 Though, as extinct's the Name, the Vengeance dark,
 Save what's preserv'd by distant Trace in Part:
 The Assassin's Steel, provoke the sacred Rite—

And though the noble Heir, 'mid Battles' Roar,
 Basks 'neath a warmer and more southern Sky;
 Though, wrapt in Fate, he shrines each stately Tower;
 That still attracts the Antiquary's Eye;
 The briny Tear of Pitt can trace;

But, why provoke departed Valour? why

Yet shall nor CUMBRIA nor WESTMORIA shrink

From th' arduous Conflict, in the trying Hour,

Their hardy Sons shall guard old OCEAN'S Brink,

Protection from FRENCH Principles to ensure.

Could GEORGE of CUMBERLAND with Arm of Flesh

Led on by L-NSD-L-'s noble, pow'rful Chief,

Intrepid as he's loyal in the Cause,

The Northern Band shall minister Relief,

Foremost to rush upon their Country's Foes.

And, by Affinity's strong Ties allied,

Shall, shall the Bard rest heedless and supine?

Shall not the Fair, whose crimson Gore hath dy'd

Th' Assassins Steel, provoke the sacred Nine?—

In th' arduous Cause to take an active Part,

He dares, ev'n now, to court the plaintive Muse,

Inspir'd by her, what sympathetic Heart

The briny Tear of Pity can refuse?

The Husband, Fishery Minister, and Man,
 From Family, Station, and Profession torn;
 That Family next (hear it, unmov'd, who can!)
 The Mother, Wife, fair Guest, and Child scarce born!

This complex Scene of Misery, alas!
 Remorseless, acted in the Face of Day,
 Would rend the Heart of Adamant or Brass,
 And makes ev'n sad Reflection turn away.

Ye Rev'rend Brethren! brother HAYDON moans
 The hapless, martyr'd Pastor of the Flock!
 Ye Fathers! tend a Father's dying Groan,
 Fall'n, like some venerable Parent Oak.

Ye teeming Mothers! mother HAYDON wails
 Like RACHEL, weep for Children that are not!
 To Babes unborn transmit the dreadful Tale,
 By After-ages ne'er to be forgot!

Ye suckling Babes! these infant Victims weep,
 Writhing, uprais'd, to the Sky,
 Though hard their Fate, sweet be their heavenly Sleep,
 Shelter'd beneath the Great All-seeing Eye!

Their Blood, like Hesperus' Innocent, shall rise
 Henceforth triumphant in the righteous Cause,
 Shall call down Vengeance from the angry Skies,
 To aid Religion, Liberty, and Law.

Ye Fair! your fairest Virgin Victims mourn
 For CLIFFORD's blood, and his heroic Tear,
 Ye Brave! arouse'd, with noble Ardour burn
 The Brave protect, the Brave defend the Fair!

Ye Brothers, Sisters, Relatives, and Friends
 Both Youth and Age, of Feeling true and pure,
 Abhor the barbarous Means, that stain the Land,
 That sheathe a rebel Point in the Breast!

From frantic GALLIA to IERNÉ bound,

Rebellion pour its sanguinary source;

But ABLION's Cliff shall form a faithful Moat,

To stem the devastating Terror's Course;

Yes! ALBION's *Wood & Wall*, firm as her Rocks,

Each foreign menace'd Danger shall oppose;

Impregnable, amid surrounding Dangers,

Like *Terra Firma*, shall stand the British Isles;

While sad IERNÉ, with Distraction torn,

Implores a Sister's medicating Aid,

That Sister vows to leave her dear Island,

Nor let FRENCH Peas her dear Island invade;

C-ERNW-LL-S, great in Cognate the Field!

As can AMERICA's dear Island be seen,

Embarks, fair ALBION's dear Island to wield,

Prepar'd to work IERNÉ's dear Island Love.

Yes! he the State Chirurgion, chosen, I sent, from France
 Probing the Wound to work its fatal Gait;
 But Action's Cause, shall bleed no more,
 By Means or strong, or lenient, Health to cure.
 With Pow'r's invict (to be paid as his)
 Alike or to continue, or to cease,
 Britannia's Legate sends his aid,
 To quell, or all France, or all to cease.

11 7 49

While and I am, with Distraction torn,
 Implores a Sister's medicinal Aid,
 That Sister vows to leave her home,
 Not for French Feet her own place late invade.
 The Brave prove, yet the Brave prove,
 C-r-w-l-l-s, great in God, the Field!
 As can AMERICA, the Brothers,
 Embarks, fair Action's sovereign Pow'r to wield,
 Prepaid to work, I am, or Love, or Fear, or Love,
 That I am, or Love, or Fear, or Love, or Love.